

Richmond revisited by a federal, 1865-1905, Columbus, Ohio.

RICHMOND REVISITED BY A FEDERAL [J. T. HOLMES]

1865—1905

COLUMBUS, OHIO

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To My "Few Surviving Comrades," who saw the Fallen Confederate Capital on their northward march, May 11th, 1865, and to the friends of those comrades and of the others who have marched on.

OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA August 25, 1905

" LOOKING BACKWARD "

The title is true, as we shall see in a double sense, and, in making the record, there will be no special separation of the senses. The one will have reference to the record of things since noon of the 25th inst.; the other will relate to the longer look back to the close of the Rebellion and away beyond to the older days of the Old Dominion.

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We left the mountains and after a long, dusty, crowded, hot railroad ride found splendid quarters at "The Richmond" immediately overlooking the capitol square to the east and looking down on St. Paul's, just across Grace Street, to the south, where Jefferson Davis was worshipping when General Lee's telegram declaring that Richmond could be held no longer by the Confederate forces was delivered to him, and from which the flight of Davis began, to end in his capture by the Michigan Cavalry, down in Georgia, a few days 5 6 later. This was in April 1865. The capture occurred at Irwinsville, Georgia, May 10. We were on the campaign from Goldsboro and in the vicinity of Raleigh, North Carolina. and on the northward march house during this period.

In the capitol grounds are the Washington and Stonewall Jackson monumental statues and statues of other Virginia heroes and statesmen; the old Capitol of the Commonwealth, the second capitol of the Confederacy, the State House at Montgomery, Alabama, having been the first for a brief perod. On the lawn in front of the capitol building stands the old bell tower, a little structure in which the state house bell used to be kept and rung on appropriate occasions. The bell disappeared early in the civil war with large quantities of other public and private bronze, or brass, to help make artillery for the Southern Army. The bell has not been replaced.

I saw the square as it was in May, 1865, and have never seen it since until now. In the lapse of time, somehow, the old city hall, on the north side of it, had, in my mind, become the capitol building.

On that northward march, we camped over night outside of Manchester, which is on the south side of the James, opposite Richmond, and made our crossing in the forenoon of that early May day in 1865, and, keeping to the right of the burned district, marched up the street east of the capitol, turned west above the Governor's mansion and, at the northwest corner of 7 the square, turned south on Ninth and then west on Franklin, where we passed Lee's house, now the home of the Virginia Historical Society. The General was then at

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home, but there was no sign of life about the residence as we passed; the doors were closed; the blinds were closed.

Not a soul made any demonstration as we marched by the home of the fallen military leader of the Rebellion. I was at the head, and in command, of the regiment. Soon after passing the Lee mansion, we turned northward and were speedily out of the city and away for Washington City, muster out and home, of course, not forgetting the Grand Review, in Washington, of May 23 and 24. That of the western army occurred on the latter day. The march of Sherman's troops through Richmond was evidently arranged to give the boys a view of the capital of the Confederacy, which they had helped to destroy, the burned district, the capitol building and the home of its greatest general as well as of the magnificent equestrian statue of Washington, and so on.

Upon arrival yesterday, I had ordered the carriage, which conveyed us from the station to the hotel, to return for us at 6 o'clock so that we might drive out the hour or more of daylight, seeing points of interest in the city. On time, we started. My direction to the colored driver, about fifty years of age, was to go first to the north end of the old Manchester bridge over the river, then follow as nearly as possible, the outer eastern edge of what had been the burned district until he came to the capitol square and then I'd tell him where to go. He said he could easily do this.

Accordingly, he drove us down to the *present* public bridge for street cars, vehicles and pedestrians between Richmond and Manchester and was well out to the crest, which is over the lower end of Belle Isle, when I discovered that it was a new bridge and in a new location, several hundred yards further down the river than the war-time structure. Libby prison was gone and without any mark on it I did not, at the moment, identify Castle Thunder, which was just below and near it, close to the river bank. I turned the driver back and up stream to a point in sight of the end of the old bridge, which, or a successor, is there still. Then, I told the "colored gentleman" to follow my directions about skirting the old burned district. He started and it soon became apparent that he was a comparative

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stupid, for he was breaking straight for General Lee's house, and said he was going round the burnt district *next*. I suppose that most of his driving is for ex-Confederates and that the first point, after the old capitol, is General Lee's house and he was following the force and operation of the habit thus formed. I half way gave him up to "hardness of heart and reprobacy of mind" on the subject of the sights of the city and let him have his own head for the remainder of the day. Driving down through what had been the burned district, now well built up, he showed us 9 the little, one-story, stone house, standing flush with the sidewalk, which was once General Washington's Headquarters, now so marked by a permanent tablet. The story is not more than nine feet high and the front must be about twenty-two feet on the sidewalk. Taller old buildings almost crowd up against it on the north and south sides. It faces the southeast, i. e., it is on the north side of the street.

In fewest words, it was and is "a stone cabin."

Within a long stone's throw of the headquarters, going toward the river, we came to the site of the famous—nay, the infamous—Libby Prison. It is now occupied by an ice plant. During the Chicago Exposition, or immediately prior to its opening, and as one of the attractions, Richmond consented and Chicago removed the prison building from the banks of the James to the shores of Lake Michigan. It has always seemed to me a foolish thing on the part of each party thereto. Chicago could gain very little; Richmond could shake off nothing of the disgrace, whatever there was of it, by the removal. Preserving or destroying it, on its own ground, might have been a question worthy of consideration, but removal to Chicago was not so, in fact.

On the same side of the street, i. e., the river side, and 250 or 300 feet further east is Castle Thunder, still standing, the substantial counterpart of Libby, a large, homely, three-story, brick building, used before the war as a tobacco warehouse. A smaller brick building, 10 a tobacco factory, which stood between the two tobacco warehouses, or prisons, is still standing and in use. There is, of course, the decay of age over them, but the buildings have changed very little in appearance since I saw them forty years ago.

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They were and are in plain view from the bridge over the river at the point where we crossed from Manchester. In May, 1865, each was marked with a large placard affixed to the up-river side, "Libby, "Castle Thunder," so that the boys might not miss them as they entered the Confederate Capital.

From this point the driver went up Libby bill on the way to Chimborazo Park, which is further down the river. On this bill stands the Confederate monument perhaps 60 to 75 feet high, surmounted by the statue of a typical Confederate soldier. From the top of Chimborazo one has a splendid view of Richmond to the west, of the river, looking up and down stream, on the city's south side, and of Manchester and the rolling country on the south, southeast and southwest. The thought which arose in my mind as the carriage stopped, after circling the summit, was that the Confederate Capital had its "magnificent distances" as well as Washington City. At one's feet, so to speak, lay all Richmond and its environs. To the east, partially seen, lies the National Cemetery; to the west and northwest the city, the capitol building, the hotels, "The Richmond," surpassed by none in prominence, in the picture, the new magnificent City Hall, the Confederate 11 White House, where Jefferson Davis lived during the life of his Confederate government, after the removal from Montgomery. and beyond, up the river, Hollywood Cemetery, where the illustrious, or some of the illustrious of the south and of the nation, and thousands of Confederate dead, repose.

The sun had gone down and in the twilight we came down the bill and crossed the wide valley and ascended the other slope to go some distance north to the Davis residence, a massive old Colonial structure, three stories high, with a row of towering white columns along the south front, a small yard or lawn, in which lies the great iron shaft of the Merrimac, conquered by the Monitor, after most destructive work among the Federal shipping at Newport News, during the war. The house stands on the east side and at the north end of a short street, perhaps a half a mile n. n. e. of the capitol. On its east is

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a steep slope, almost a bluff, with no houses near it; on the north, is a little park around which one drives to pass the rear, which really looks like the front of the house.

The house is a large one and would furnish the subject of an interesting history. It is now used as a relic depository, principally, I imagine, of the late Confederacy. Nothing so large was ever more completely swept away than the Confederate States of America, and I am glad that its history, in completest and minutest forms, shall be preserved. The same principle with me applies, which objects to the folly that removed 12 moved Libby Prison to Chicago. In Richmond, it was at home, in every way appropriate; in Chicago it is an anachronism, so to speak. In the former place, it was where it should be, so long as it might endure; in Chicago, no lapse of time can ever make it seem in place. With Richmond and its past, it had all things in common; with Chicago and its past, or present, or future, it had, has, can have, nothing in common, though every brick and every piece of wood were marked so that the reconstruction, as it now stands, by the lake is complete and identical. It was so that they undertook to transplant the old structure and they substantially succeeded.

Richmond might say to Chicago, "If you can make anything out of Libby, take it, we shall have its mate and equal in infamy left—Castle Thunder." It was like Chicago to take it, but still the transfer was un wisdom on the part of each city, from my standpoint. Once touching the subject was enough, however, on this record.

On our way from the White House to "The Richmond," we passed the splendid home of Miss Van Lew, who remained loyal to the Union and stayed at her own house all through the war. She constructed cells under her residence in which she concealed Federal soldiers, who made their escapes from the Confederate prisons within the city, and aided them on their way back to "God's country." After the war, much to the disgruntlement of the Confederates of 13 Richmond, she was made postmistress of the city—I think—by General Grant, while President. The property—large house and grounds—now belongs to the Virginia Club, Confederate, no doubt,—a sort of retaliation against the memory of its

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former patriotic mistress. The house stands on the left hand side of the street as one goes from the White House to the capitol. The cells, constructed beneath it by Miss Van Lew's workmen, are said to remain unchanged.

The final point of interest before reaching the hotel was the St. John's Church, on our left, standing in a lot—a little old graveyard—raised—walled up—some six or eight feet above the sidewalk, well covered with trees, in which identical building Patrick Henry made his immortal speech, “Give me liberty, or give me death.” I have been unable, away from the books, to recall, with certainty, whether or not it was in the same oration, or on some other occasion, that he said, “Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.” Perhaps it was Jefferson who made this latter pertinent suggestion.*

* “Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God” is part of an inscription on a cannon marking the grave of John Bradshaw in the Island of Jamaica.

It was found among Mr. Jefferson's papers in his handwriting, but one of his biographers credits its inspiration to Dr. Franklin.—Randall, Vol. 3, p. 585.

The church is a rather large frame structure, some additions having been made since the speech was delivered, one hundred and thirty years ago. There are 14 old tombstones in the yard. one we read from the street as early as 1805. It was growing dark and we did not stop to go over the church and the grounds.

Richmond is distinctly a southern city, with very slight injections of the Yankee spirit or the results of the Yankee's enterprise. In going about it, I obtain the impression here and there that the old southern ways have yielded, are yielding, somewhat, in spots, to that progressive spirit and enterprise. Still, there remains the former type and, in very many things, the former fact and fashion stand and prevail against innovations. There is a beauty in many, and, undoubtedly, a grandeur in some, of the elder facts and fashions of the southern people. There was an ease, a deliberation, a self-possession, in the personal life. which would make one happy in enjoyment now. It was the very antipode of the

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restless, nervous, ceaseless rush of northern modern life. I know the war is over, but if the *fast* life of the northern people had impregnated the life of the southern people at the close of the civil war, it would have tended to the earlier closing of the “bloody chasm” and the obliteration of the marks of the strife in the hearts and lives and business of the American people; but there was the rub. They were not quick to fall into the ways of their “conquerors” and were slow to change what was almost nature with them.

The old city of Richmond—I mean as it was forty years ago—may still be recognized. It is there, the 15 old residences, the old business houses, stand, very many of them unchanged by time, or trade. The extensions of the suburbs show the new spirit; so do the new and larger buildings of the city, such as the splendid city hall and the great hotel buildings, eight or ten stories high.

I incline to think that when the capitol is reconstructed and its wings are finally completed, they will constitute an imposing and attractive building in which Virginia's public business will be transacted.

*Tired and exhausted to the last degree by the long ride from Ronceverte, where there had been little sleep

* When we encamped above Manchester, May 10, 1865, General H. Wagner Halleck was in Richmond and had issued his order for our 14th Army Corps of Sherman's Army to pass in review before him as it marched through the city. In the events connected with the surrender of Johnson's Army, Halleck had affronted Sherman deeply and when the proposition was made to review us, Sherman said no, and added some swear words, which do not appear in the official records of the rebellion. The boys were behind their General and Halleck, regarding discretion as the better part of valor, quietly waived the review after he heard from Sherman and after the latter had ordered his army to march through Richmond with the rout step and at a right shoulder shift. Halleck chose the better part and, like Lee, kept out of sight while we threaded the avenues of the fallen and badly burned capital. He was powerless against the sentiment and the blood which were

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aroused in the western army. The latter was, like its General, fighting mad and General Halleck had absolutely nothing to commend him to their favorable consideration, but had done much to arouse their resentment.

The closing incident of the day. is omitted here to be inserted later on because of the setting which later scenes and facts will give it.

16 the night before and by the hot and exhausting atmosphere of the valley ride from about noon, and no doubt affected by the excitement and mental activity superinduced by the memories freshly stirred by the review of old, and the consideration of new, scenes and incidents, I crept into bed an excessively tired person in body, mind and spirit.

Friday 26th was as full of Richmond, especially the city of the past, as had been the time from 4:30 p.m. until nightfall of Thursday 25th.

The same coachman, with his opened hack top, was at the hotel door pursuant to orders at 9 a.m. promptly, and we stepped in and were driven away west through the newer portions of the city, containing many fine residences, which have gone up in the last twenty-five years. Considerable building seems to be going on now in the quarter through which we were driven, which quarter contains the equestrian statue of General Lee. I like the postures and the likeness of that work of art. The pose of horse and rider is most excellent, and I am not apt to be charged with any undue enthusiasm when I say that the expression of the horse's face is the finest I ever saw in bronze. At this moment, I do not recall the name of the artist, but he was, or is, a lover of the horse, as well as of his art. He has studied the horse's face, in its finest types, as closely as he has studied the faces of his human subjects.

We passed some magnificent residences and grounds, after leaving this statue. Before we reached Hollywood 17 Cemetery, the driver took us into a small park between the city and the cemetery, on high ground overlooking the river and its valley, the city. Manchester, the cemetery and a wide stretch of country in all directions. It was like

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the view from Chimborazo hill the evening before. As we entered the park the “colored gentleman” informed us, “Dis yer is gambler's park.” I said, “gambler's park?” “Yes, sah, gambler's park.” Thereupon, I mentally credited the good citizens of Richmond with the gratification of a new ambition or charity, or both. the establishment of a place of outdoor recreation for the gambling fraternity. We had noticed that the cars on the railroads carefully separated between the white and the colored traveling population, and we found ourselves distinctively classified, on the trains, by a placard fastened at the front end inside the car containing the one word “White.” On a door leading to a compartment of another car, early Thursday morning, we noted the word “Colored.” So, it seemed that, perhaps, the municipality, known as the Capital of Virginia, following the lead of the State and the earlier lead, suggested in the figure of Holy Writ, had taken steps to send the gamblers to the left to their own park, separate and apart from the pious and the non-gambling portion of the populace, who would appropriately go to the right. Gamblers need rest and recreation as well as other people and their lives and industry and usefulness and other attainments are as much prolonged thereby as 18 are those of other people. And so we passed out of “gambler's park,” but before noon I discovered that all my theorizing was visionary—baseless—and like the house built upon the sand, the truth sadly overturned it. We had been through Gamble's Park. See what the insertion or omission of an *r* will do in such a case.

From the park we went to Hollywood Cemetery—Richmond's city of the dead: aye, more than that, as we shall see.

The cemetery lies, in the general direction, up the river and westward from the city. The suburbs of the latter are not far away and after another forty years they will extend around the quieter city on the east and north and west, but hardly in such force as to disturb the repose of its inhabitants, or require the removal of the dust of any of them.

One goes half way down a road toward a valley which runs into the river. Here stands on the right of the roadway and on your right as you enter the enclosure the superintendent's

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house in which, of course, is his office. As we went in, the carriage did not stop, but followed down the cemetery road into the valley, which runs through the grounds, I should say, from the northwest to the southeast. The topography shows a rolling, rather broken, surface, i.e., several smaller valleys of greater or less length emptying into the principal one, already mentioned. The ground, at some points, rises rather abruptly from the threads of the little streams, perhaps, at an angle of forty-five 19 degrees, and, per consequence, the graves are on *quasi terraces*, one row above another, along the slopes.

We passed down and up through the central portion of the cemetery going in a southwesterly direction and toward the southwestern corner of the grounds. They are beautifully shaded by the trees and vines, and the richest, rarest rose bushes and flowers in full bloom, and great profusion stand about many of the hillocks, adding to the sweetness of the scene as well as of the atmosphere, and suggesting the reflection that these people care, with tenderest memories and cultivated taste, for the homes of their dead.

Presently, we reached the highest plateau, in the southwestern section, or quarter, of the great enclosure, and our driver stopped his team. The trees and the foliage were not so thick as they had been at most points on the way after we left the entrance; in other words, there was an openness to the skies, which came from the newer section and from the cleared lands to the west, the boundary of the cemetery, in that direction, not being very far away. Ten feet from the roadway, where the first stop was made, were the graves of John Tyler, the tenth President of the United States, and of his wife and daughter. He was born at Greenway, Charles City County, Virginia, March 29, 1790, and died at Richmond, January 18, 1862. He was elected Vice-President with General Harrison in 1840 and became President by the death of the latter, April 4, 1841.

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Over there, twenty-five or thirty feet northwest from the grave of Tyler, are the graves of another, the fifth President of the United States, and of his wife and daughter—James

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Monroe. He was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, April 28, 1758; was President from March 4, 1817, until March 4, 1825. He died in New York, July 4, 1831, and his remains were removed to Richmond in the year 1858. Over his grave is a small canopied tomb, say six or seven feet in diameter and eight or ten feet high.

A little further on toward the west, a little more out of the shadow of the trees and foliage and into the light mentioned, but not many paces, and on a little higher ground, the carriage stopped again. Here is a name Which once filled the world and which more than half the Republic sang with contumely and scorn and loathing. He was the recognized head and center of a rebellion against the established government, which for strength and danger has probably never in history been equalled where rebellion failed:

“ Jefferson Davis. ”

He and his daughter Winnie, born during the war, sleep near each other—the latter to the north some ten to fifteen feet—on a slightly raised, circular lot, say thirty feet in diameter, the circle guarded by a very slight wire fence, perhaps, twenty inches in height. The foot of the chieftain's grave is toward the east and the grave itself is covered by a white marble slab, 21 lying down near the general surface of the lot. At the head of the grave is a large block of marble, about five feet square and a foot thick, on which stands a full figure of the man, but slightly larger than life, in bronze, erected by his widow, whom we saw at Put-in-Bay last year. The likeness is good. The dress is of the period of the rebellion, a long, black, sack coat, fastened in front by a single button just below the waist, the sides flaring open above. The boots are strictly military and outside of the pants. I was reminded by them of his military service, and I suppose they were designed to commemorate it, especially during the Mexican war in which he was a Mississippi Colonel. He was born June 3, 1808, in Christian County, Kentucky, and died at New Orleans, December 6, 1889. A large portion of his education was received at the Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, and we saw his student room when in that city in May, 1897. I have in my library

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no life of Jefferson Davis, nor do I have his work, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government."

The statue at his grave, faces Richmond, looking east down the James river—a direction in which he no doubt cast anxious eyes and thoughts thousands of times while he occupied the Confederate White House.

Not far from the Davis plat lies a grave which I had not expected to find at Richmond. Its occupant, in his day, was a man, a statesman, of keenest wit, and he was often reckless of the wound, which it inflicted. 22 He spent at least thirty of his sixty years in public office, most of them in Congress—"John Randolph, of Roanoke." He was born at Camsons, Chesterfield County, Virginia, August 10, 1773, and died at Philadelphia, June 24, 1833.

The next grave we saw as we drove by—I mean of a celebrity—was that of Commodore Maury of the Confederate Navy. Matthew Fontaine Maury was born in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, January 14, 1806; died at Lexington, Virginia, February 1, 1873. I remember reading, in 1860, his *Physical Geography of the Sea*, with absorbing interest. It was voluntarily loaned to me by Rev. A. L. P—, of R—, Ohio, who was afterward the first chaplain of our regiment.

Next, we saw the grave of General J. E. B. Stewart, the distinguished cavalry leader of the South, called in short phrase "*Jeb*" Stewart.

I should have said that before we left the Davis lot I walked around it and as I stood by the carriage, before stepping in, I saw a lady slyly pluck a flower from one of the bushes on the lot. What she did with the rose I do not know. Perhaps she was a Confederate lady and again, perhaps she was not.

Other tenants of the narrow houses are all about these whose names in life were widely known, but time will not permit separate notes of them.

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The next drive brought us to the northern portion of the cemetery, the burial grounds of Confederate 23 soldiers. It is the head of the principal valley, mentioned above a rolling, broken piece of land. We drove through all its driveways. The shade trees here are not so plentiful. The first thing that struck me with reference to it was the absence of hillocks, or mounds, the absolutely even, flat character of the surface and the scarcity—oh! so scarce—of any sort of markers. It is merely a guess, but, to illustrate, I'll say there is not a marker for one of every hundred soldiers buried there. There are no civilian graves, or monuments, or markers, among them. It seemed to me that one melancholy word might appropriately arch the whole silent, courageous, encampment—"Unknown." At or near the southwestern corner of this great soldier section, where we entered it, I noticed a small Confederate flag stuck near the ground beside what seemed to be an eight-inch sewer pipe projecting above the surface ten or twelve inches, on top of which was laid a little tablet of white marble, about one foot square and two inches thick, on the edges of which the lapidary had engraved some words and on the upper side of which were others. It marked a grave, but in which direction from the marker the body lay one could not discern from the face of the ground—possibly the feet were east from the flag.

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I copied all the inscriptions from the stone. The words on the top were these:

"H. L. Wyatt, Bethel, June 10, 1861."

On the edges, these were the words, north, "The First Soldier"; west, "Confederate": south, "Killed in Battle"; east. "Co. A, I N. C. Vol." Doubtless the record is true. To me, the fact was one of keen interest. The queries rose in my mind, "Is the first Federal Soldier, killed in that war, known? and, is his grave properly marked?" At this moment, I do not recall any such fact.

Up by a sort of side entrance, toward the northeast corner of the cemetery, close by the fence, is a monument to General George E. Pickett and the dead gathered there

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from his Gettysburg charge. His grave is marked, but the monument, a canopied, tomb-like structure, did not impress me as up to the demands of the man and his sleeping comrades. No monument, however, can add to, or detract from, the fame of his work in that grand climacteric of July 3, 1863, the charge at Gettysburg. The charge or charges and their repulses will live as long as Marathon or Waterloo. He was born at Richmond, January 25, 1825, and died at Norfolk, July 30, 1875. He and General Emerson Opdycke of Battle of Franklin fame, always reminded me of each other. In dash and courage and 25 in skill and prudence, on the field, they were much alike.

A monument of undressed granite blocks from the James River quarries towers in the form of a pyramid ninety-five feet high in the midst of these thousands of Confederate dead. There was not a particle of mortar or cement of any kind used in its construction. It is massive and graceful, a commemorative pile, designed to meet and supply the great lack of markers and monuments to the Army of Confederate soldiers who, otherwise undistinguished, sleep on all its sides within the cemetery grounds.

Here we finished our inspection and view of the famous cemetery. There was no time to copy from the monuments, or markers, except that "first to fall in rebellion's cause." I could not pass his grave without leaving the carriage and going to it and standing by it and taking the record thereon. It was more than I did at the grave of Jefferson Davis, though, as recorded, I walked around the latter.

H. L. Wyatt was a proto-martyr and I thought of the inscription on the marker to the unknown occupant of the lone grave in Allatoona Pass:

"He died for the cause He thought was right."

Taking the western side of the valley back to the point where we crossed it soon after entering the grounds, we returned to the house of the superintendent, 26 where I ordered the driver to stop while I went into the office.

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The assistant superintendent politely answered my questions.

“How many acres are in your cemetery?” “One hundred.”

“How many bodies, excluding soldiers, are buried in it?”

“Nineteen thousand.” “How many Confederate soldiers?” Fifteen thousand.” “Are there any Federal soldiers buried in it?” “ *Not one.* ” It was the answer I expected. In this place, sentiments are supreme and no Federal soldier, or opponent of treason and rebellion, may criticise the exclusion, or demand the right to intrude. I remember always that no Confederate soldier can sleep in a National cemetery. The sentiments are identical in spirit. The superintendent was sitting on his high stool, at his long high desk, talking by telephone to some one in the city, who was announcing to him the death of some well known citizen, which had just then occurred. I was through with my inquiries, had thanked the assistant for his answers and was starting out when the superintendent hung up the receiver and showed an inclination to talk. I soon found that he had been in Ohio and knew something of the State; that he was born at Richmond about the close of the war—rather I should say about the beginning, for he said he had been “in the hands of the Yankees at the wind up” and so on. After a 27 little agreeable general conversation, I took my leave and entered the carriage in waiting. Before we drove out of the gate he came through his office door and I introduced him to my traveling companions when he handed me his card.

And so we came away from famous Hollywood Cemetery abundantly repaid for the time and effort bestowed. My notions about its location were inaccurate. I supposed from descriptions that it was east of the city—down the river—but the errors are all corrected now and time will hardly ever efface the day's impressions.

The Confederate Cemetery—Oakwood—is east or northeast of the city, not far from Chimborazo Park. Sixteen thousand Confederate soldiers are buried in Oakwood. The largest Confederate hospital, during the war, was in Chimborazo Park.

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Lunch and bills paid and packing done, but little was left us save to wait until 3:30 p.m. and go out to Old Point.

From our windows I made the criticism that the neck of Washington's horse had, or has, a *sharper bend* in it at the bending point than the nature of the horse's neck will warrant. A big snake might bend his body so, but the bone in the horse's neck is not ordinarily "built that way."

The *upper* portions of the monument, those which bear and shed the snows and rains are kept dark green in color by the chemical action of the elements on the 28 bronze, but the color so produced does not give one an unpleasant impression. In other words, it shades off into harmony with the rest of the coloring from the exposure and the action, in different degrees, of the same elements.

After lunch I went into the square to settle, if I could, the question of the time when the roadway was opened which makes an island of the Washington Monument. I found that it had been open ever since the monument was erected in 1855. I found, further, that the building of the capitol was begun in or about 1799. The two new wings, now in process of construction, will make it when remodeled a splendid structure.

I omitted mention of Memorial or Monumental Church on the way between the Confederate White House and St. John's, where stood the theatre which was burned in 1811 when nearly 500 people, among them the Governor of the State, lost their lives.

What I am about to record naturally reminds me of the thought of the Scripture: "Your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams,"

And of Campbell's thought of the time—

"While Memory watches o'er the sad review Of joys that faded like the morning dew."

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My promise is now due to record the omitted incident of the evening of our arrival in Richmond. It had been a hot, exhausting and tiresome day. When 29 night fell, I sat down in a rocker to gaze out on the capitol square and on the lights of the central and eastern portions of the city, visible from the fifth story of the tall hotel, and to dream, in my weary way, of many things—among them, of the camps and battles and long marches which brought us—the survivors—to the top of Manchester hills and down Manchester streets and across the James River, over Belle Isle, in sight of Libby Prison and Castle Thunder, into Richmond, past the Confederate Capitol, around that very square, embracing the Washington Monument, past Lee's house and out of the city, through the surrounding fortifications, defensive and offensive—now obliterated or some what overgrown—and away to the north, on that 11th day of May, 1865. Yea, a thousand things added to my “tire” and my dreams.

I had slept; wife and children, tired too, had gone to rest. It must have been ten o'clock or later. The noises in the streets of the old southern city had lapsed into silence, nearly altogether. A part of the seeming silence was doubtless due to the infolding of all the senses, the resting of weary, healthy, body and faculties, *sana mens in sano corpore*, the perfect repose that “tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,” gives.

Away off toward the river sounded a faint bugle note. It recalled the more than one thousand nights when I lay down and rose again to know and practice war, and war only, when the bugle was monitor at both rising and retiring, at reveille and tattoo, as well 30 as on the drill field and the firing line. It touched and stirred the sense and memory of war only—the camp and field and march and battle. Half dreaming, not half awake, oblivious of surroundings and conditions and then present time, I seemed still to be somewhere in the midst of the civil war. There had been the march from the mountains to the sea and then had come the march from the sea to the mountains, again. A brilliant judge, once describing a contemporary, said he was “a dim-minded man.” Without the characteristic, I

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hope, the “dim-minded man's” condition had somehow, in sleep, come to me and the bugle note on the night air had suggested war in the room and stead of piping peace.

The trumpeter was blowing “lights out.” Slowly, he seemed to move into the capitol square from some point south and between it and the river. As he entered the capitol grounds, on the south side, the volume of sound from his bugle increased. There were a strength and a deliberation and a sweetness in the long-drawn, perfect tones, which, arousing from my sleep, enthralled me. In the waking, I glided gently from the dream of war to the reality of peace and the inspiration of those bugle strains. There is no enthusiasm. I am trying to transfer to paper a faint sketch of an actuality. From that first faint note the air was incessantly stirred and filled with the tones of the instrument, coming nearer and nearer, but without a step in haste and without a single hurried note. What the 31 actual movement or direction of the bugler was, I cannot say, but the sound seemed to indicate that he was moving in a slow walk from the southeast toward the northwest corner of the capitol grounds, from the vicinity of the old bell tower to the Washington Monument. This was bringing him directly toward my position. It seemed to me, as he reached the center of the square, that all Richmond, if listening, could hear the voice of that trumpet, so clear, so strong, so penetrating, and so magnificent, in their sweep, were the strains set afloat by the operator, on the still night air. He was certainly then enjoying a monopoly of sound in all central Richmond.

Swelling. swelling, progressing, progressing, “Lights out” and its variations, never had such illustrations within my hearing. I wish it were possible to transfer such sounds to paper and then reproduce them once every twenty-four hours. I should for ten or fifteen minutes, every night left me on earth, enjoy such a feast as I conceive may be a part of the joy of angels. The final bars were blown near the Washington Monument. They filled a magnificent space, were re-echoed from the skies and spread away to the hills beyond the James and all about the ancient capital. Then came silence. For a long time I sat in the

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dark reading and interpreting that strangely fascinating night music, as it had impressed my heart and brain. Its actual history, origin, purpose, author, I knew, and still know, not.

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As it died away, a vague and illusive memory came to me that I had heard of a custom to close the day in that way ever since the end of the Civil War and it commemorated many things, with offense toward none of the dead or living.

It was the requiem of the Lost Cause, of the 16,000 Confederate soldiers whose graves are in Oakwood, of the 15,000 Confederate soldiers sleeping in Hollywood, on the west, and of the 6542 Federal soldiers resting in the National Cemetery about the same distance east of the Old Dominion's Capital City; aye, broader still, of the great armies of Confederate and Federal soldiers, who people the vast cemeteries of the land from the sea shore to the feet of the Rockies as the result of the fratricidal struggle of the preceding generation. The mournful cadences of that weird music roused such thoughts as these as they broke on the ear. "They do not descend to a wail; they are not the sounds of hope utterly abandoned; they are not the suggestions of hate; nay, none of these, nor anything like them." It was a mournful, a glorious apotheosis in the strains of unsurpassed martial music. All the past, with its hopes and struggles; its promises and its disappointments; its sunshine and its clouds; its victories and its defeats; its wasted lives and blood and treasures; its changes and its final conditions, bound fast in fate; its achievements and its failures, welled up and swelled out in the swaying, throbbing, tones and echoes, which appealed to sentiment and memory 33 only, no longer, nor ever again, to passion or violence.

It was as one mourning for a broken and wasted life, where the prodigal had returned, not in youth still, but at its end; not to say, "I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight and am no more worthy to be called thy son," but with the proud claim of a conscience void of offense toward all men, though wrecked and desolate amid the ruin which he himself had somehow wrought.

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At 4 p. m. we left Richmond for the Point. It is a two hours' run through an apparently sparsely settled, flat country, overgrown largely with bushes, not trees, here and there, as you glide by, giving you the impression that you are traveling through the northern end of the lower peninsula of Michigan. From the mountains to Richmond one sometimes has the same impression, but the land there is more rolling, actually seems higher above sea level, and, while not densely populated, it is more thickly settled than is the land between Richmond and the Point. The historic interest of the region is intense. It was here that the first English settlements on the western continent were made; it is here that our history begins—1607, thirteen years before the Mayflower sighted the shores of New England. One does not much wonder that in these low lands, shaded and dampened by the original forests, the first comers died off like delicate constitutioned sheep amid the winter storms. It was a new world, but they were sitting on its very edge with their 34 feet in the sea and dying from the colds and exposure and fevers and consumption which filled the air. They had no knowledge of the great mountains and plains, of the regions of health and long life which lay in the stretches of 3000 miles behind them or before them as one may choose: but I am not to rewrite the history of Jamestown, John Smith, Powhatan, Pocahontas, or Virginia.

After the days on the seashore and about Fortress Monroe, at 9:40 a. m. we were on board and the long home run began. There is a sense of relief as the miles are left behind after one has made the start. I always experience it, whether the start be made on a train like the F. F. V. Limited, or on a long-coupled lumber wagon in the wilderness of the far northwest, fifteen or fifty miles from a railroad station, or on foot in the snow and rain, that distance away. "Homeward bound." The words and the fact have always been welcome.

We ran into the Richmond Station at noon precisely and ran out at 2 p. m.

During the delay of the train, we took carriage and drove to Chimborazo Park to take a view of the grove of trees, which is supposed to mark the site of the rescue of Captain John Smith. The suburb—it is not improved—is called Powhatan, and there appears no

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reason, in fact, or history, or tradition, why it may not have been the scene of the famous rescue.

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From the same position, practically, we had a view of the National Cemetery. I asked our driver—a new one how many soldiers were buried there: with much promptness, he answered 6542. When I asked the size of the cemetery, all of which we could not see from the park, he staggered me by answering, with equal promptness, “one acre.” I repeated, “one acre?” and he replied, “Yes, one acre.” Then I figured mentally. “There are 160 square rods in an acre; 160 will go into 6542, in round numbers, forty times. This, it seemed to me, would require each square rod, on the average, to contain forty bodies. In each square rod are 256 square feet. Each body, at the least, would require six feet by two feet—12 feet of space and 40 times 12 would make 480 square feet. So that. the driver was mistaken and the cemetery contains more than one acre, or the bodies are uncomfortably crowded. I do not now know what is the real solution of the mathematical problem, which the Jehu's answer left with me.

Mrs. H. asked him the name of the present Governor of Virginia. He said it was Montague. Then he drove us through the poorest part of the city we had yet seen, the northeastern suburb, going around the head of the valley which puts up into the park from the river, in sight of the Davis home, past the Memorial Church, past what he called “Mrs. Vant Lew's” old residence, now the Virginia Club, past Old St. John's Church and graveyard—on three sides of it— 36 past Washington's Headquarters and down to Castle Thunder, which Mrs. H. particularly desired to see again. It is, as I think I said above, the twin of Libby, which was removed to Chicago. When one has seen either, he or she knows what the other looks like.

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We passed again the site of Libby and then returned to the station to say goodbye to Richmond, presently.

As the train moved out, we were at the foot of the bluff on which the Davis house stands and traveled in sign of it for two or three miles. It was the last of the notable things of Richmond to disappear from our view.

When we marched through the country in May, 1865, forts and intrenchments frowned on all hands.

Going north, we passed first the heavy works of the Confederates and then, presently, those of the Federals confronting them. They were the fresh red and yellow clay of the country and traceable, right and left, as far as the eye could reach. Now, they are so far leveled or overgrown, that, from the car. my attention was nowhere challenged to a single mark or line of war times as we shot by at the rate of 45 miles per hour. The ride up to Clifton Forge, the point of change in the mountains between eastern and central times, was much cooler and more comfortable than the one going down the other day.